



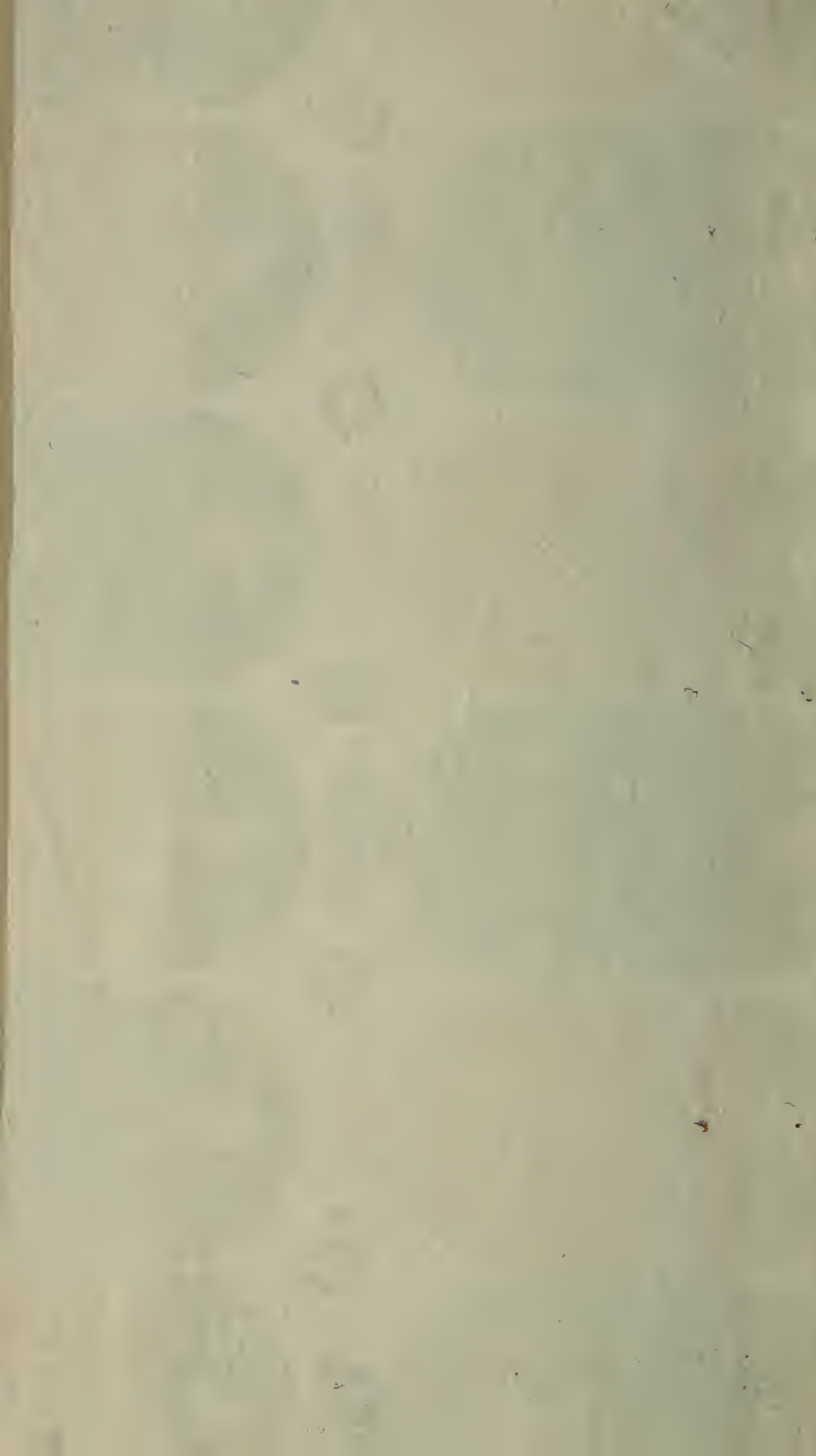
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Kenney, James  
Raising the wind  
A new ed.

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RAISING THE WIND:

A F A R C E,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

*THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.*

=====  
By JAMES KENNEY.  
=====

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,  
PATERNOSTER-RROW:

1805.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

PR  
4839  
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1805



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE Readers of this Farce will be sensible how much I must owe to the Performers for the applause with which it has been honoured in the representation.—They all evinced a zeal in its behalf, for which I return them my most cordial thanks.—To Mr. LEWIS I am particularly indebted, not only for the very great share he contributed to the performance, but also for some friendly suggestions at the rehearsals; which, I have no doubt, proved of considerable advantage to the piece.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PLAINWAY	- - - - -	MR. BLANCHARD.
FAINWOU'D	- - - - -	MR. SIMMONS.
DIDDLER	- - - - -	MR. LEWIS.
SAM	- - - - -	MR. EMERY.
RICHARD	- - - - -	MR. ABBOTT.
WAITER	- - - - -	MR. ATKINS.
SERVANT TO PLAINWAY	-	MR. HARLEY.
MESSENGER	- - - - -	MR. TRUMAN.
PEGGY	- - - - -	MRS. BEVERLY.
MISS LAURELIA DURABLE		MRS. DAVENPORT.

SCENE—*A Country Town.*



# RAISING THE WIND.

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Public Room in an Inn.*

*Bell rings.*

SAM.

COMING,—I'm a coming.

*Enter Waiter and SAM meeting.*

*Waiter.* Well, Sam, there's a little difference between this and hay-making, eh?—

*Sam.* Yes, but I get on pretty decent, don't I? only you see, when two or three people call at once I'm apt to get flurried,—and then I can't help listening to the droll things the young chaps say to one another at dinner; and then I don't exactly hear what they say to me, you see. Sometimes too I fall a laughing wi'em, and that they don't like, you understand.—

*Waiter.* Well, well, you'll soon get the better of all that. *(A laugh without.)*

*Sam.* What's all that about.

*Waiter.* *(Looking out.)* Oh, it's Mr. Diddler trying to joke himself into credit at the bar. But it won't do, they know him too well. By the bye, Sam, mind you never trust that fellow.

*Sam.* What, him with the spy-glass?

*Waiter.* Yes, that impudent short-sighted fellow.

*Sam.* Why, what for not?

*Waiter.* Why, because he'll never pay you.—The fellow lives by spunging,—gets into people's houses by his songs and his bon mots. At some of the squires' tables, he's as constant a guest as the parson or the apothecary.

*Sam.* Come, that's an odd line to go into however.—

*Waiter.* Then he borrows money of every body he meets.

*Sam.* Nay, but will any body lend it him?

*Waiter.* Why he asks for so little at a time, that people are ashamed to refuse him, and then he generally asks for an odd sum to give it the appearance of immediate necessity.

*Sam.* Damma, he must be a droll chap, however.

*Waiter.* Here he comes; mind you take care of him.— [Exit.

*Sam.* Never you fear that, mun. I wasn't born two hundred miles north of Lunnun, to be done by Mr. Diddler, I know.—

*Enter DIDDLER.*

*Diddler.* Tol lol de riddle lol:—Eh! (*looking thro' a glass at Sam*), the new waiter,—a very clod by my hopes! an untutor'd clod.—My clamorous bowels, be of good cheer.—Young man, how d'ye do? Step this way, will you?—A novice I perceive.—And how d'ye like your new line of life?

*Sam.* Why very well, thank'ye. How do you like your old one?

*Diddler.* (*Aside.*) Disastrous accents! a Yorkshireman! (*To him,*) What is your name, my fine fellow?

*Sam.* Sam.—You needn't tell me yours, I know you, my—fine fellow.

*Didaler.* (*Aside.*) Oh Fame! Fame! you incorrigible gossip!—but *nil desperandum*—at him again.—(*To him,*) A prepossessing physiognomy—open and ruddy—importing health and liberality.—

Excuse

Excuse my glafs,—I'm short-sighted. You have the advantage of me in that respect.—

*Sam.* Yes—I can see as far as most folks.

*Diddler.* (*Turning away.*) Well, I'll thank ye to—O Sam,—you haven't got such a thing as tenpence about you, have you?

*Sam.* Yes. (*They look at each other—DIDDLER expecting to receive it.*) And I mean to keep it about me, you see.

*Diddler.* Oh—aye—certainly. I only ask'd for information.

*Sam.* Hark! there's the stage coach comed in.—I must go and wait upon the passengers.—You'd better ax some of them—Mayhap they mun gie you a little better information.

*Diddler.* Stop.—Hark-ye, Sam! you can get me some breakfast first. I'm devilish sharp set, Sam; you see I come from a long walk over the hills,—and—

*Sam.* Aye, and you see I come fra—Yorkshire.

*Diddler.* You do; your unsophisticated tongue declares it.—Superior to vulgar prejudices, I honour you for it, for I'm sure you'll bring me my breakfast as soon as any other countryman.

*Sam.* Aye, well what will you have?

*Diddler.* Any thing;—tea, coffee, an egg, and so forth.—

*Sam.* Well now, one of us you understand in this transaction mun have credit for a little while. That is, either I mun trust you for t'money, or you mun trust me for t'breakfast.—Now, as you're above vulgar preju-prejudizes, and seem to be vastly taken wi' me, and as I'm not so conceited as to be above 'em, and a'n't at all taken wi' you, you'd better give me the money you see, and trust me for t'breakfast; he! he! he!

*Diddler.* What d'ye mean by that, Sam?

*Sam.* Or mayhap you'll say me a bonni mo.

*Diddler.* Sir, you're getting impertinent.

*Sam.* Oh, what you don't like they terms.—

Why then as you sometimes sing for your dinner, now you may whistle for your breakfast—you see; he! he! he! [Exit.

*Diddler.* This it is to carry on trade without a capital. Once I paid my way, and in a pretty high road I travelled; but thou art now Jerry Diddler, little better than a vagabond. Fie on thee! “Awake thee, rouse thy spirit!” honourably earn thy breakfasts and thy dinners too.—But how?—My present trade is the only one that requires no apprenticeship.—How unlucky, that the rich and pretty Miss Plainway, whose heart I won at Bath, should take so sudden a departure—that I should lose her address, and call myself a foolish romantic name that will prevent her letters from reaching me. A rich wife would pay my debts and heal my wounded pride.—But the degenerate state of my wardrobe is confoundedly against me.—There’s a warm old rogue, they say, with a pretty daughter, lately come to the house at the foot of the hill.—I’ve a great mind—it’s d—d impudent,—but if I hadn’t surmounted my delicacy, I must have starved long ago.

*Waiter crosses in haste.*

George, what’s the name of the new family at the foot of the hill?

*Waiter.* I don’t know: I can’t attend to you now. [Exit.

*Diddler.* There again.—Oh! I mustn’t bear this any longer. I must make a plunge.—No matter for the name. Gad! perhaps it may be more imposing not to know it. I’ll go and scribble her a passionate billet immediately;—that is, if they’ll trust me with pen and ink. [Exit.

*Enter FAINWOU’D and RICHARD.*

*SAM shews them in.*

*Fain.* Bring breakfast directly.—Well, Richard, I think I shall awe them into a little respect *here*, tho’ they’re apt to grin at me in London.

*Rich.*

*Rich.* That you will, I dare say, Sir.

*Fain.* Respect, Richard, is all I want. My father's money has made me a gentleman, and you never see any familiar jesting with your true gentlemen, I'm sure.

*Rich.* Very true, Sir.—And so, Sir, you've come here to marry this Miss Plainway, without ever having seen her.

*Fain.* Yes; but my father and her's are very old friends.—They were school-fellows. They've lived at a distance from one another ever since, for Plainway always hated London. But my father has often visited him, and about a month ago at Bristol they made up this match. I didn't object to it, for my father says she's a very pretty girl; and besides, the girls in London don't treat me with proper respect by any means.

*Rich.* At Bristol?—then they're new inhabitants here. Well, Sir, you must muster all your gallantry.

*Fain.* I will, Dick;—but I'm not successful that way; I always do some stupid thing or other when I want to be attentive. The other night, in a large assembly, I picked up the tail of a lady's gown, and was going to present it to her for her pocket-handkerchief.—Lord, how the people did laugh!

*Rich.* It was an awkward mistake, to be sure, Sir.

*Fain.* Well, now for a little refreshment, and then for Miss Plainway. Go, and look after the luggage, Richard. [*Sits down.* *Exit* RICHARD.

*Enter* DIDDLEY, with a letter in his hand.

*Diddler.* Here it is—brief but impressive. If she has but the romantic imagination of my Peggy, the direction alone must win her. (*Reads*), “To the beautiful Maid at the foot of the hill.” The words are so delicate, the arrangement so poetical, and the tout-ensemble reads with such a languishing cadence, that a blue-stocking garden-wench must

feel it! "To the beautiful Maid at the foot of the hill."—She can't resist it!

*Fain.* Waiter, bring my breakfast.

*Diddler.* Breakfast! delightful sound!—Oh! bless your unsuspecting face; we'll breakfast together (*Advancing to him.*) Sir, your most obedient. From London, Sir, I presume?

*Fain.* At your service, Sir.

*Diddler.* Pleasant travelling, Sir.

*Fain.* Middling, Sir.

*Diddler.* Any news in town when you came away!

*Fain.* Not a word, Sir. (*Aside*), Come, this is polite and respectful.

*Diddler.* Pray, Sir, what's your opinion of affairs in general?

*Fain.* Sir?—why really, Sir,—(*Aside*), Nobody would ask my opinion in town, now.

*Diddler.* No politician, perhaps? You talked of breakfast, Sir;—I was just thinking of the same thing—shall be proud of your company.

*Fain.* You're very obliging, Sir; but really I'm in such haste.

*Diddler.* Don't mention it. Company is every thing to me. I'm that sort of man, that I really couldn't dispense with you.

*Fain.* Sir, since you insist upon it—Waiter.—

*Sam* (*without*). Coming, Sir.

*Fain.* Bless me, they're very inattentive here—they never bring you what you call for.

*Diddler.* No—they very often serve me so.

*Enter SAM.*

*Fain.* Let that breakfast be for two.

*Diddler.* Yes, this gentleman and I are going to breakfast together.

*Sam.* (*To FAINWOU'D.*) You order it, do you, Sir?

*Fain.* Yes, to be sure; didn't you hear me?

*Sam.*

*Sam.* (*Chuckling.*) Yes, I heard you.

*Fain.* Then bring it immediately.

*Sam.* Yes. (*Still chuckling.*)

*Fain.* What d'ye mean by laughing, you scoundrel?

*Diddler.* Aye, what d'ye mean by laughing, you scoundrel? [*Drives SAM out, and follows.*]

*Fain.* Now, that's disrespectful, especially to that gentleman, who seems to be so well known here; but these country waiters are always impertinent.

*Enter DIDDLER, his letter in his hand.*

*Diddler.* A letter for me?—Desire the man to wait. That bumpkin is the most impertinent—I declare it's enough to—You haven't got such a thing as half a crown about you, have you, Sir? there's a messenger waiting, and I haven't got any change about me.

*Fain.* Certainly—at your service.

[*Takes out his purse and gives him money.*]

*Diddler.* I'll return it to you, Sir, as soon as possible. Allo! here! (*WAITER enters.*) here's the man's money (*putting it into his own pocket*); and bring the breakfast immediately.

*Waiter.* Here it is, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter SAM with breakfast.*

*Diddler.* There we are, Sir. Now, no ceremony, I beg, for I'm rather in a hurry myself. (*Exit SAM chuckling. DIDDLER pours out coffee for himself.*) Help yourself, and then you'll have it to your liking. When you've done with that loaf, Sir, I'll thank you for it (*takes it out of his hand*). Thank'ye, Sir.

*Fain.* (*Aside.*) That's not quite so respectful though.

*Diddler.* Breakfast, Sir, is a very wholesome meal. (*Eats fast.*)

*Fain.*

*Fain.* It is, Sir ; I always eat a good one.

*Diddler.* So do I, Sir,—(*aside,*) when I can.

*Fain.* I'm an early riser too ; and in town the servants are so lazy that I'm often obliged to wait a long while before I can get any.

*Diddler.* That's exactly my case in the country.

*Fain.* And it's very tantalizing, when one's hungry, to be served so.

*Didaler.* Very, Sir ;—I'll trouble you once more. (*Snatches the bread out of his hand again.*)

*Fain.* (*Aside.*) This can't be meant for disrespect, but it's very like it.

*Didaler.* Are you looking for this, Sir ; you can call for more if you want it (*returns a very small bit*). Here, waiter ! (*Waiter answers without.*) Some more bread for this gentleman. You eat nothing at all, Sir.

*Fain.* Why, bless my soul, I can get at nothing.

SAM enters with rolls.

*Diddler.* Very well, Sam—thank ye, Sam—but don't giggle, Sam ; curse you, don't laugh (*following him out*).

*Sam.* Ecod ! you're in luck, Mr. Diddler. [*Exit.*]

*Diddler.* (*again taking his letter out of his pocket.*) What, another letter by the coach. Might I trouble you again ? you haven't got such a thing as ten-pence about you, have you ? I live close by, Sir ; I'll send it to you all in, the moment I go home—Be glad to see you any time you'll look in, Sir.

*Fain.* You do me honour, Sir. I haven't any halfpence ; but there's my servant, you can desire him to give it you.

*Diddler.* You're very obliging. (*Puts the rolls Sam brought, unobserved, into his hat.*) I'm extremely sorry to give you so much trouble. I will take that liberty. (*Aside,*) Come, I've raised the wind for to-day, however ; and now to stir a permanent



manent gale by my beautiful maid at the foot of the hill. [Exit.

*Fain.* That must be a man of some breeding by his ease and his impudence.

*SAM is crossing.*

Who is that gentleman, waiter?

*Sam.* Gentleman!

*Fain.* Yes; by his using an inn, I suppose he lives upon his means—don't he?

*Sam.* Yes; but they're the oddest sort of means you ever heard of in your life. What, don't you know him?

*Fain.* No.

*Sam.* Well, I thought so.

*Fain.* He invited me to breakfast with him.

*Sam.* Aye; well, that was handsome enough.

*Fain.* I thought so myself.

*Sam.* But it isn't quite so handsome to leave you to pay for it.

*Fain.* Leave me to pay for it!

*Sam.* (*Looking out.*) Yes, I see he's off there.

*Fain.* Poh! he's only gone to pay for a letter.

*Sam.* A letter! bless you, there's no letter comes here for him.

*Fain.* Why, he's had two this morning; I lent him the money to pay for 'em.

*Sam.* No; did you tho'?

*Fain.* Yes; he hadn't any change about him.

*Sam.* (*laughing.*) Dam' if that an't the softest trick I ever know'd.—You come fra Lunnun, don't you, Sir?

*Fain.* Why, you giggling blockhead, what d'ye mean?

*Sam.* Why, he's had no letters, I tell you, but one he has just been writing here himself.

*Fain.* An impudent rascal!

*Sam.* Well, Sir, we'll put t' breakfast all to your bill, you understand, as you ordered it.

*Fain.* Psha, don't tease me about the breakfast.

*Sam.*

*Sam.* Upon my soul, the flattest trick I ever heard of. [*Exit laughing.*]

*Fain.* Well, this is the most disrespectful treatment.

*RICHARD enters, meeting him.*

*Richard.* I lent that gentleman the ten-pence, Sir.

*Fain.* Confound the gentleman and you too.  
[*Exit, driving off RICHARD.*]

SCENE II.—*The Outside of PLAINWAY'S House.*

*Enter PLAINWAY, PEGGY, and Miss DURABLE.*

*Miss D.* Dear cousin, how soon you hurry us home.

*Plain.* Cousin, you grow worse and worse. You'd be gaping after the men from morning till night.

*Miss D.* Mr. Plainway, I tell you again I'll not bear your sneers; though I won't blush to own, as I've often told you, that I think the society of accomplished men as innocent as it is pleasing.

*Plain.* Innocent enough with you it must be. But there's no occasion to stare accomplished men full in the face as they pass you, or to sit whole hours at a window to gape at them, unless it is to talk to them in your famous language of the eyes; and that I'm afraid few of 'em understand, or else you speak it very badly; for, whenever you ask 'em a question in it, they never seem to make you any answer.

*Miss D.* Cousin Plainway, you're a sad brute, and I'll never pay you another visit while I live.

*Plain.* I'm afraid, cousin, you have helped my daughter to some of her wild notions. Come, knock at the door. (*Miss D. knocks.*) Well, Peg, are you any better prepared to meet your lover?

*Peggy.* (*In a pensive tone and attitude.*) Alas!  
cruel

cruel fate ordains I shall never see him more. (*The door opens—Miss D. goes into the house.*)

*Plain.* There—she's at her romance again—Never meet him more! why, you're going to meet him to-day for the first time.

*Peggy.* You speak of the vulgar, the fordid Fainwou'd; I, of the all-accomplished Mortimer.

*Plain.* There! that Mortimer again.—Let me hear that name no more, huffey; I am your father, and will be obeyed.

*Peggy.* No, Sir; as Miss Somerville says, fathers of ignorant and grovelling minds have no right to our obedience!

*Plain.* Miss Somerville! and who the devil is Miss Somerville?

*Peggy.* What, Sir! have you never read the Victim of Sentiment!

*Plain.* D—n the victim of sentiment! Get in, you baggage.—Victim of Sentiment indeed!

[*They go into the house.*]

*Enter DIDDLER.*

There she dwells. Grant, my kind stars! that she may have no lover, that she may be dying for want of one; that she may tumble about in her rosy slumbers with dreaming of some unknown swain, lovely and insinuating as Jeremy Diddler. Now, how shall I get my letter delivered?

*Miss D.* (*Appearing at the window.*) Well, I declare the balmy zephyr breathes such delightful and refreshing breezes, that, in spite of my cousin's sneers, I can't help indulging in them.

*Diddler.* (*Looking up.*) There she is, by my hopes! Ye sylphs and cupids! strengthen my sight, that I may luxuriate on her beauties. No—not a feature can I distinguish—but she's gazing on mine, and that's enough.

*Miss D.* What a sweet looking young gentleman—and his eyes are directed towards me. Oh! my palpitating heart! what can he mean?

*Diddler.*

*Diddler.* You're a made man, Jerry. I'll pay off my old scores, and never borrow another sixpence while I live.

*Miss D. (sings.)* "Oh! listen, listen to the voice of love."—

*Diddler.* Voice indifferent:—but d—n music when I've done singing for my dinners.

*Enter SAM.*

Eh! Sam here—he shall deliver my letter.—My dear Sam, I'm so glad to see you.—I forgive your laughing at me. Will you do me a favour?

*Sam.* If it won't take me long, for you see I've gotten a parcel to deliver in a great hurry. By the bye, how nicely you did that chap—

*Diddler.* Hush, you rogue.—Look up there—do you see that lady?

*Sam.* Yes, I see her.—

*Diddler.* Isn't she an angel?

*Sam.* Why if she be, she's been a good while dead I reckon; long enough to appearance to be t'mother of angels.

*Diddler.* Sam, you're a wag, but I don't understand your jokes. Now if you can contrive to deliver this letter into her own hands, you shall be handsomely rewarded.

*Sam.* Handsomely rewarded!—Aye, well let's see; (*takes the letter*;) "To the beauti—"

*Diddler.* Beautiful—

*Sam.* "Beautiful maid at the foot of the hill." (*Looks up at the window.*) Damma now you're at some of your tricks. (*Aside*), The old toad's got some money I reckon—Well, I can but try, you know—And as to the reward, why it's neither here nor there. (*Knocks at the door.*)

*Diddler.* Thank'ye, my dear fellow. Get an answer if you can, and I'll wait here for you. (*The door opens—Sam nods and enters.*)

*Miss D.* A letter to deliver.—Oh, dear! I'm all  
of

of a flutter. I must learn what it means. (*Retires from the window.*)

*Diddler.* Transport! she has disappeared to receive it. She's mine. Now I shall visit the country squires upon other terms. I'll only sing when it comes to my turn, and never tell a story or cut a joke but at my own table. Yet I'm sorry for my pretty Peggy. I did love that little rogue, and I'm sure she never thinks of her Mortimer without sighing.—(*Sam opens the door, holds it open, and beckons.*) Eh, Sam! well, what answer?

*Sam.* Why first of all she fell into a vast trepidation.—

*Diddler.* Then you saw herself?—

*Sam.* Yes, I axed to see she that were sitting at the window over the door.

*Diddler.* Well.—

*Sam.* Well, you see, as I tell you, when she opened the letter, she fell into a vast trepidation, and flutter'd and blushed, and blushed and flutter'd—in short—I never see'd any person play such comical games i'my days.

*Diddler.* It was emotion, Sam.

*Sam.* Yes, I know it was a motion, but it was a devilish queer one. Then at last says she fluttering, as might be our pot-boy of a frosty morning, says she, tell your master,—she thought you was my master, he! he! he!

*Diddler.* My dear Sam, go on.—

*Sam.* Well;—tell your master, says she, that his request is rather bold, but I've too much—too much confidence in my own—diff—diffension—

*Diddler.* Discretion—

*Sam.* Aye, I fancy you're right—in my own discretion, to be afraid of granting it. Then she turned away blushing again—

*Diddler.* Like the rose—

*Sam.* Like the rose, he! he! he! like a red cabbage.

*Diddler.* I'm a happy fellow.

*Sam.* (*Smiling.*) Why, how much did you ax her for?

*Diddler.* Only for an interview, Sam.

*Sam.* Oh! then you'd better go in. I an't shut the door.

*Diddler.* I fixed it for to-morrow morning: but there's nothing like striking while the iron's hot.—I will go in, find her out, and lay myself at her feet immediately. I'll reward you, Sam, depend upon it. I shall be a monied man soon, and then I'll reward you (*Sam sneers*);—I will, Sam, I give you my word. (*Goes into the house.*)

*Sam.* Come, that's kind too, to give me what nobody else will take. [*Exit.*]

SCENE.—*A Room in PLAINWAY'S House.*

*Enter DIDDLEL cautiously.*

Not here.—If I could but find a closet now, I'd hide myself till she came nigh.—Luckily, here is one.—Who have we here? (*Retires into a closet, and listens from the door.*)

*Enter FAINWOU'D and SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Walk in, Sir, I'll fend my master to you directly. [*Exit.*]

*Fain.* Now let me see if I can't meet with a little more respect here.

*Diddler.* (*Approaching and examining him.*) My cockney friend, by the Lord! Come in pursuit of me, perhaps!

*Fain.* Old Plainway will treat me becomingly, no doubt; and as he positively determined with my father that I should have his daughter, I presume she's prepared to treat me with proper respect too.

*Diddler.* What! Plainway and his daughter! Here's a discovery; Then my Peggy, after all, is the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill, and the sly rogue wouldn't discover herself at the win-

dow on purpose to convict me of infidelity. How unlucky! and a rival arrived too just at the unfortunate crisis.

SERVANT *returns.*

*Servant.* He'll be with you immediately, Mr. Fainwou'd. [*Exit.*

*Diddler.* Mr. Fainwou'd, eh!—Now, what's to be done? If I could but get rid of him, I wou'dn't despair of excusing myself to Peggy.

*Fain.* I wonder what my father says in his letter of introduction. (*Takes a letter out of his pocket.*)

*Diddler.* A letter of introduction!—Oh! oh! the first visit then. Gad, I have it,—it's the only way; so impudence befriend me! But, first, I'll lock the old gentleman out. (*Goes cautiously, and locks the door whence the servant came out,—then advances briskly to FAINWOU'D.*) Sir, your most obedient.

*Fain.* He here!

*Diddler.* So you've found me out, Sir. But, I've sent you the money,—three and four-pence wasn't it?—two and six and ten—

*Fain.* Sir, I didn't mean—

*Diddler.* No, Sir, I dare say not,—merely for a visit. Well, I am very glad to see you. Won't you take a seat?

*Fain.* And you live here, do you, Sir?

*Diddler.* At present, Sir, I do.

*Fain.* And is your name Plainway?

*Diddler.* No, Sir, I'm Mr. Plainway's nephew. I'd introduce you to my uncle, but he's very busy at present with Sir Robert Rental, settling preliminaries for his marriage with my cousin.

*Fain.* Sir Robert Rental's marriage with Miss Plainway!

*Diddler.* Oh! you've heard a different report on that subject, perhaps. Now, thereby hangs a

very diverting tale. If you're not in a hurry, sit down, and I'll make you laugh about it.

*Fain.* (*Aside.*) This is all very odd, upon my soul. (*They sit down.*)

*Diddler.* You see, my uncle did agree with an old fellow of the name of Fainwou'd, a Londoner, to marry my cousin to his son, and expects him down every day for the purpose; but, a little while ago, Sir Robert Rental, a baronet, with a thumping estate, fell in love with her, and she fell in love with him. So my uncle altered his mind, as it was very natural he should, you know, and agreed to this new match.—And, as he never saw the young cockney, and has since heard that he's quite a vulgar, conceited, foolish fellow, he hasn't thought it worth his while to send him any notice of the affair. So, if he should come down you know, we shall have a d—d good laugh at his disappointment. (*FAINWOU'D drops his letter, which DIDDLER picks up unseen.*) Ha! ha! ha! Capital go! isn't it?

*Fain.* Ha! ha! ha! a very capital go, indeed (*Aside*), Here's disrespect. (*To him,*) But if the cockney shouldn't be disposed to think of the affair quite so merrily as you.

*Diddler.* O the puppy! if he's refractory I'll pull his nose.

*Fain.* (*Aside.*) Here's an impudent scoundrel (*Rises*). Well, I shall cheat 'em of their laugh by this meeting, however.

*Diddler.* (*Aside.*) A shy cock, I see.

*Fain.* O, you'll pull his nose, will you?

*Diddler.* If he's troublesome, I shall certainly have that pleasure. Nothing I enjoy more than pulling noses.

*Fain.* Sir, I wish you a good morning. Perhaps, Sir, you may—(*a knocking at the door DIDDLER locked.*)

*Diddler.* (*Aside,*) Just in time, by Jupiter!  
(*Aloud,*)



(*Aloud,*) Be quiet there! Damn that mastiff! Sir, I'm sorry you're going so soon. (*Knocking again.*) Be quiet, I say. Well, I wish you a good morning, Sir. Then, you won't stay, and take a bit of dinner?

*Fain.* Perhaps, Sir, I say, you may hear from me again.

*Diddler.* Sir, I shall be extremely happy, I'm sure. (*Exit FAINWOU'D.*) Bravo Jeremy! admirably hit off (*knocking repeated*). Now for the old gentleman (*opens the door*).

*Enter PLAINWAY.*

*Plain.* My dear Mr. Fainwou'd, I'm extremely happy to see you. I beg pardon for keeping you so long.—Why, who the deuce could lock that door?

*Diddler.* He! he! he! It was I, Sir.

*Plain.* You, why what—

*Diddler.* A bit of humour, Sir, to shew you I determined to make free, and consider myself at home.

*Plain.* (*Aside,*) A bit of humour! why, you must be an inveterate humourist, indeed, to begin so soon. (*To him,*) Well, come, that's merry and hearty.

*Diddler.* Yes, you'll find I've all that about me.

*Plain.* Well, and how's my old friend, and all the rest of the family.

*Diddler.* Wonderfully well, my old buck.—But here, here you have it all in black and white (*gives the letter*).

*Plain.* So, an introduction.

*Diddler.* (*Aside,*) It's rather unlucky I don't know a little more of my family (*struts familiarly about*).

*Plain.* (*reads,*) "This will at length introduce to you your son-in-law. I hope he will prove agreeable both to you and your daughter. His late military habits I think have much improved

his appearance, and perhaps you will already discern something of the officer about him." Something of the officer—(*looking at him*), dam' me, it must be a sheriff's officer then. "Treat him delicately, and above all, avoid raillery with him."—So then, I suppose, tho' he can give a joke, he can't take one.—"It is apt to make him unhappy, as he always thinks it levell'd at that stiffness in his manners, arising from his extreme timidity and bashfulness!"—Why this jesting seems to be a family disorder. A fellow practises a most impudent frolick the first thing in coming into my house, and his father writes to me about his timidity and bashfulness.—"Assure Peggy of the cordial affection of her intended father, and your faithful friend, FRAS. FAINWOU'D." A very pretty introduction, truly.

*Diddler.* But where is my charming Peggy? I say—couldn't I have a little private conversation to begin with?—

*Plain.* Why I must introduce you, you know—I desired her to follow me—Oh! here she comes.—

*Diddler.* (*Aside.*) Now if she should fall in a passion and discover me.

*Enter PEGGY.*

*Plain.* My dear, this is Mr. Fainwou'd.

*Diddler.* Madam, your most devoted.—(*She screams—he supports her.*)

*Plain.* Why what ails the girl?—Oh, I see she's at her romance again.

*Peggy.* (*In a low tone,*) Mortimer!

*Diddler.* (*Aside to her,*) Huh!—Don't be astonished—you see what I'm at—keep it up.

*Plain.* Don't be alarmed, Mr. Fainwou'd—it's all for effect.—She'll soon come to.—Try if you can't bring her about, while I go and fetch my cousin Laury to you.

*Diddler.* No fear, Sir; she is coming about.

*Plain.*

*Plain.* (*Aside to PEGGY,*) Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Do give over these tricks, or I shall be very angry with you. [*Exit.*]

*Diddler.* My dear Peggy! after an age of fruitless search, do I again hold you in these arms?

*Peggy.* Cruel man! how could you torment me with so long an absence and so long a silence?—I've written to you a thousand times.

*Diddler.* A thousand unlucky accidents have prevented my receiving your letters; and your address I most fatally lost not an hour after you gave it to me.

*Peggy.* And how did you find it out at last?

*Diddler.* By an accidental rencontre with my rival. I've humm'd him famously, frightened him away from the house, contrived to get his letter of recommendation, and presented myself in his stead.

*Peggy.* It is enough to know that you are again mine;—and now we'll never part.

*Diddler.* Never, if I can help it, I assure you.

*Peggy.* Lord, Mortimer, what a change there is in your dress.

*Diddler.* Eh? Yes—I've dress'd so on purpose—rather in the extreme perhaps—but I thought it would look my vulgar rival better.

*Peggy.* Well thought of;—so it will.

*Diddler.* (*Aside,*) Very odd—nothing about the letter.—I won't start it however.

*Peggy.* Here's my father coming back. I'd better seem a little distant, you know.

*Diddler.* You're right.

*Enter PLAINWAY—DIDDLER not seeming to notice him.*

Do, my dear lady, be merciful. But perhaps it is in mercy that you thus avert from me the killing lustre of those piercing eyes.

*Plain.* (*Aside,*) Well done, timidity. (*To him,*) Bravo! Mr. Fainwou'd, you'll not be long an unsuccessful

successful wooer, I see. Well, my cousin's coming to see you the moment she's a little composed.—Why, Peg, I fancy the old fool has been gaping out at window to some purpose at last. I verily believe somebody, either in jest or in earnest, has really been writing her a billet-doux, for I caught her quite in a flutter reading a letter, and the moment she saw me, she grappled it up, and her cheeks turned as red as her nose.

*Diddler.* (*Much disconcerted, aside,*) Oh Lord! here's the riddle unfolded. Curse my blind eyes! what a scrape they've brought me into! A fusty old maid I suppose. What the devil shall I do? I must humour the blunder, or *she'll* discover me.

*Plain.* Here she comes.

*Diddler.* (*Aside.*) Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

*Enter Miss DURABLE.*

*Plain.* Mr. Fainwou'd, Miss Durable.—Miss Durable, Mr. Fainwou'd.

(*Miss D. screams, and seems much agitated.*)

*Diddler.* (*Advancing to her,*) My dear lady, what's the matter? (*Aside to her,*) Don't be astonished.—You see what I'm at.—Keep it up (*continues whispering to her*).

*Plain.* Why, what the devil!—this fellow frightens my whole family. It must be his officer-like appearance, I suppose.

*Peggy.* (*Aside,*) Well, I declare Laurelia means to fall in love with him, and supplant me.

*Miss D.* (*Aside to Diddler,*) Oh! you're a bold adventurous man.

*Diddler.* (*To her,*) Yes, I am a very bold adventurous man, but love, madam.

*Miss D.* Hush!

*Plain.* Why, Fainwou'd, you seem to make some impression upon the ladies.

*Diddler.* Not a very favourable one, it would seem, Sir.

*Miss*

*Miss D.* I beg Mr. Fainwou'd's pardon, I'm sure. It was merely a slight indisposition that seized me.

*Plain.* Oh! a slight indisposition was it?

*Peggy.* (*Aside,*) Yes, I see she's throwing out her lures.

*Diddler.* Will you allow me, madam, to lead you to the air?

*Plain.* Aye, suppose we shew Mr. Fainwou'd our garden.—A walk will do none of us any harm.

*Miss D.* With all my heart, cousin.

*Plain.* Unless Mr. Fainwou'd is fatigued with his journey.

*Diddler.* Not in the least, I assure you. Miss Plainway, give me leave. (*Aside, in taking her hand,*) Did you observe that old fool? I believe she has a design upon me.

*Peggy.* (*Aside,*) That she has, I'll be sworn.

*Diddler.* (*Aside,*) I'll hum her. Miss Durable, here's the other arm at your service.

*Miss D.* (*Taking it,*) Dear Sir, you're extremely obliging.

*Diddler.* Don't say so, madam; the obligation is mine. (*Nodding,*) Plainway, you see what a way I'm in.

[*Exeunt* DIDDLER, PEGGY, and *Miss* DURABLE.]

*Plain.* Bashfulness!—Damme! if ever I saw such an impudent dog. [Exit.]

## A C T II.

SCENE.—*The Inn.**Enter FAINWOU'D and RICHARD.*

FAINWOU'D.

**I**N short I never met with such disrespectful treatment since I was born:—and so the rascal's name is Diddler, is it?

*Rich.* So I heard the waiters call him.

*Fain.* As to the disappointment, Richard, it's a very fortunate one for me; for it must be a scrubby family indeed, when one of its branches is forced to have recourse to such low practices. But, to be treated with such contempt! why, am I to be laughed at every where?

*Rich.* If I was you, Sir, I'd put that question where it's fit it should be answered.

*Fain.* And so I will, Richard.—If I don't go back, and kick up such a bobbery—I warrant I'll —Why, he called me a vulgar conceited, foolish cockney.

*Rich.* No, sure?

*Fain.* Yes, but he did—and what a fool my father must have been not to see through such a set—a low-bred rascal with his three and four-pence. But if I don't—I'll take your advice, Richard—I'll hire a post-chaise directly, drive to the house, expose that Mr. Diddler, blow up all the rest of the family, Sir Robert Rental included, and then set off for London, and turn my back upon 'em for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter*

*Enter SAM with a Letter, followed by a Messenger.*

*Sam.* Why, but, what for do you bring it here?

*Mess.* Why, because it says, to be delivered with all possible speed. I know he comes here sometimes, and most likely won't be at home till night.

*Sam.* Well, if I see him, I'll gi't to him. Most likely he'll be here by-and-by.

*Mess.* Then I'll leave it. [Exit.

*Sam.* Mr. Jeremiah Diddler—Dang it, what a fine seal; and I'll be shot if it don't feel like a bank note. To be deliver'd wi' all possible speed too—I shouldn't wonder now if it brought him some good luck. Ha! ha! ha! wi' all my heart.—He's a d—d droll dog, and I like him vastly.

[Exit.

SCENE.—*A Room in PLAINWAY'S House*—PLAINWAY, DIDDLE, PEGGY, and Miss DURABLE, at Table.

DIDDLE (concluding a song).

\* “ Nor retirement nor solitude yield me relief,  
When away from my beautiful maid (*to Peggy*),  
When away from my beautiful maid (*to Miss D.*),  
When away from my beautiful maid, &c. (*addressing himself alternately to the two ladies.*)

*Plain.* Bravo! (*They applaud.*)

*Miss D.* Upon my word, Mr. Fainwou'd, you sing delightfully; you surely have had some practice?

*Diddle.* A little, Madam.

*Miss D.* Well, I think it must be a very desirable accomplishment, if it were only for your own entertainment.

*Diddle.* It is in that respect, Madam, that I have hitherto found it most particularly desirable.

\* The singing, on account of Mr. Lewis's inaptitude at turning a tune, is omitted in the representation.

*Miss*

*Miss D.* But surely the pleasure of pleasing your hearers——

*Diddler.* I now find to be the highest gratification it can bestow, except that of giving me a claim to a return in kind from you. (*Aside to Peggy,*) I lay it on thick, don't I?

*Miss D.* You really must excuse me; I can't perform to my satisfaction without the assistance of an instrument.

*Plain.* Well, well, cousin, then we'll hear you by and by; there's no hurry, I'm sure. Come, Mr. Fainwou'd, your glass is empty.

*Miss D.* Peggy, my love.

[*They rise to retire. Exit Miss D.*]

*Plain.* Peg, here, come back, I want to speak with you.

*Peggy (returns).* Well, Papa.

*Plain.* Mr. Fainwou'd, (*they rise,*) you know I told you of a billet-doux that old Laury had received.

*Peggy.* Yes, Sir.

*Plain.* Coming through the passage to dinner, I picked it up.

*Peggy and Diddler.* No!

*Plain.* Yes; I have it in my pocket,—one of the richest compositions you ever beheld. I'll read it to you.

*Diddler. (Aside.)* How unlucky! Now, if she sees it, she'll know the hand.

*Plain. (reads.)* "To the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill." Ha! ha! ha!

*Diddler and Peggy.* Ha! ha! ha!

(*DIDDLER endeavours to keep PEGGY from overlooking him.*)

*Plain.* "Most celestial of terrestrial beings! I have received a wound from your eyes which baffles all surgical skill. The smile of her who gave it, is the only balsam that can save it. Let me therefore supplicate admittance to your presence to-morrow, to know at once if I may live or die.

That



That if I'm to live, I may live your fond lover;—  
And if I'm to die, I may get it soon over.—

“ADONIS.”

(*They all laugh.* DIDDLER *appears much disconcerted.*)

*Plain.* Why this Adonis must be about as great a fool as his mistress, eh, Sir? ha! ha! ha!

*Diddler.* Yes, Sir; he! he! he! (*Aside,*) They've found me out, and this is a quiz.—

*Peggy.* Or more likely, some poor knave, papa, that wants her money; ha! ha! ha!—

*Plain.* Ha! ha! ha! Or perhaps a compound of both; eh, Sir?

*Diddler.* Very likely, Sir; he! he! he! (*Aside,*) They're at me.

*Plain.* But we must laugh her out of the connection, and disappoint the rogue, however; tho' I dare say he little thought to create so much merriment. So short-sighted is roguery.

*Diddler.* (*Aside,*) Short-sighted!—it's all up to a certainty.

*Plain.* So, she's returning, impatient of being left alone I suppose. Now we'll smoke her.—

*Diddler.* (*Aside,*) I'll join the laugh at all events.—

*Enter Miss DURABLE.*

*Miss D.* Bless me, why I'm quite forsaken among you all.—

*Plain.* Forsaken, my dear cousin! it's only for age and ugliness to talk of being forsaken; not for a beautiful maid like you—the most celestial of terrestrial beings. (*All laugh.*)

*Miss D.* (*Aside,*) I'm astonished—*he* laughing too!—

*Diddler.* (*Aside to her,*) Excuse my laughing, it's only in jest.

*Miss D.* In jest, Sir?

*Diddler.* Yes (*whispers and winks*).

*Plain.* Well but, my dear cousin, I hope you'll  
be

be merciful to the tender youth.—Such a frown as that, now, would kill him at once.

*Miss D.* Cousin Plainway, this insult is intolerable. I'll not stay in your house another hour.

*Plain.* Nay but, my dear Laury, I didn't expect that truth would give offence. Pray don't leave us, cousin. Think of it, will you? we'll leave Mr. Fainwou'd to make our peace with you.

*Diddler.* (*Aside,*) Leave me alone with her! Oh! the devil!

*Peggy.* Aye, do, Mr. Fainwou'd, endeavour to pacify her—pray induce her to continue a little longer “the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill.”

(*Exeunt PLAINWAY and PEGGY.*)

*Miss DURABLE and DIDDLER, look sheepishly at each other.*

*Diddler.* (*Aside,*) I'm included in the quiz, as I'm a gentleman. (*To her,*) My dear madam, how could you—?

*Miss D.* How could I what, Sir?

*Diddler.* Wear a pocket with a hole in it?

*Miss D.* I wear no pockets, which caused the fatal accident.—But, Sir, I trust it is an accident, that will cause no change in your affection.

*Diddler.* (*Aside,*) Damn it! now she's going to be amorous.—(*To her,*) none in the world, madam. I assure you, I love you as much as ever I did.—

*Miss D.* I fear my conduct is very imprudent.—If you should be discovered—

*Diddler.* It's not at all unlikely, madam, that I am already. (*Aside,*) Now she'll be boring me for explanations.—I must get her among them again. (*To her,*) Or if I am not, if we don't take great care, I soon shall be; therefore, for better security, I think we'd better immediately join—

*Miss D.* Oh dear, Sir! so soon?—I declare you quite agitate me with the idea.

*Diddler.* Ma'am!

*Miss*

*Miss D.* It is so awful a ceremony, that really a little time—

*Diddler.* My dear ma'am, I didn't mean any thing about a ceremony.

*Miss D.* Sir!

*Diddler.* You misunderstand me; I—

*Miss D.* You astonish me, Sir! no ceremony indeed!—and would you then take advantage of my too susceptible heart, to ruin me? would you rob me of my innocence?—Would you despoil me of my honour?—cruel, barbarous, inhuman man! (*Affects to faint.*)

*Diddler.* (*Supporting her.*) Upon my soul, madam, I would not interfere with your honour on any account. (*Aside,*) I must make an outrageous speech; there's nothing else will make her easy. (*Falls on his knees, Peggy enters listening.*) Paragon of premature divinity! what instrument of death, or torture, can equal the dreadful power of your frowns? Poison, pistols, pikes, steel-traps, and spring-guns, the thumb-screw, or lead-kettle, the knout, or cat o'nine-tails, are impotent, compared with the words of your indignation! Cease then to wound with them a heart, whose affection for you, nothing can abate, whose—

*Peggy.* (*Interrupting him, and shewing his letter.*) So, Sir; this is your fine effusion, and this is the fruit of it.—False, infamous man!

*Diddler.* (*Aside to Miss D.*) I told you so. You'd better retire, and I'll contrive to get off.—My dear Miss Plainway—

*Peggy.* Don't dear me, Sir. I've done with you.

*Diddler.* If you would but hear—

*Peggy.* I'll hear nothing, Sir;—you can't clear yourself: this duplicity can only arise from the meanest of motives, Mr. Mortimer.

*Miss D.* Mr. Mortimer! then I am the dupe, after all—

*Peggy.* You're a mean—

*Miss*

*Miss D.* Base——

*Peggy.* Deceitful——

*Miss D.* Abominable——

*Diddler.* (*Aside,*) Here's a breeze! This is raising the wind with a vengeance. My dear Miss Plainway, I—a— My dear Miss Durable, (*aside,*) pray retire; in five minutes I'll come to you in the garden, and explain all to your satisfaction.

*Miss D.* And if you don't——

*Diddler.* Oh, I will;—now, do go.

*Peggy.* And you too, Madam; aren't you ashamed——

*Miss D.* Don't talk to me in that style, Miss; it ill becomes me to account for my conduct to you; and I shall therefore leave you with perfect indifference to make your own construction. (*To him,*) You'll find me in the garden, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Diddler.* (*Aside,*) Floating in the fish-pond, I hope. (*To Peggy,*) My dear Peggy, how could you for a moment believe——?

*Peggy.* I'll not listen to you—I'll go and expose you to my father immediately—He'll order the servants to toss you in a blanket, and then to kick you out of doors.

*Diddler.* (*holding her.*) So, between two stools, poor Jeremy comes to the ground at last.—Now, Peggy, my dear Peggy, I know I shall appease you.  
(*He takes her hand.*)

*Peggy.* If you detain me by force, I must stay; and, if you will talk, I must hear you: but you can't force me to attend to you.

*Diddler.* That's as you please—only hear me. That letter—I did write that letter.—But, as a proof that I love you, and only you, and that I will love you as long as I live, I'll run away with you directly.

*Peggy.* Will you, this instant?

*Diddler.* I'll hire a post-chaise immediately; (*aside,*) that is, if I can get credit for one.

*Peggy.*

*Peggy.* Go, and order it.

*Diddler.* I'm off. (*Going.*) Nothing but disasters! here's the cockney coming back in a terrible rage, and I shall be discovered.

*Peggy.* How unlucky! Couldn't you get rid of him again?

*Diddler.* Keep out of the way, and I'll try.

[*She retires.*]

*Enter FAINWOU'D.*

*Fain.* So, Sir.—

*Diddler.* How do you do, again, Sir? Hasn't my servant left you three and four-pence yet?—Bless my soul, how stupid!

*Fain.* Sir, I want to see Mr. Plainway.

*Diddler.* Do you, Sir? that's unlucky,—he's just gone out—to take a walk in the fields.—Look thro' that window, and you may see him;—there you see, just under that hedge—now he's getting over a stile. If you like to follow him with me, I'll introduce him to you; but you'd better call again.

*Fain.* Sir, I see neither a hedge nor a stile, and I don't believe a word you say.

*Diddler.* (*With affected dignity.*) Don't believe me, Sir!

*Fain.* No, Sir.

*Diddler.* Sir, I desire you'll quit this house.

*Fain.* I shan't, Sir.

*Diddler.* You shan't, Sir?

*Fain.* No, Sir, my business is with Mr. Plainway. I've a post-chaise waiting for me at the door, and therefore have no time to lose.

*Diddler.* A post-chaise waiting at the door, Sir?

*Fain.* Yes, Sir,—the servant told me Mr. Plainway was within, and I'll find him too, or I'm very much mistaken. [*Exit.*]

*Diddler.* A post-chaise waiting at the door!—we'll bribe the post-boy, and jump into it.

*Peggy.* Charming!

*Diddler.* Away!—I'll get my hat, and follow you immediately.

*Peggy.* Make haste then, my dear Mortimer,—  
fly. [*Exit.*

*Diddler.* Now, who shall I borrow a guinea of to bribe the post-boy?

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* Has that gentleman found my master, Sir?

*Diddler.* Oh yes, John, I shewed him into the drawing-room. (*Servant is going.*) Stop, John, step this way.—Your name is John, isn't it?

*Servant.* Yes, Sir.

*Diddler.* Well, how d'ye do, John?—Got a snug place here, John?

*Servant.* Yes, Sir, very snug.

*Diddler.* Aye, good wages, good vails, eh?

*Servant.* Yes, Sir, very fair.

*Diddler.* Um—you haven't got such a thing as a guinea about you, have you?

*Servant.* No, Sir.

*Diddler.* Aye—that's all, John, I only asked for information. [*Exit Servant.*

*Diddler.* Gad—I said a civil thing or two to the gardener just now. I'll go and try him; and to prevent all further rencontres, make my escape thro' the garden gate. (*Going.*)

*Enter Miss DURABLE.*

Oh Lord! here is old innocence again.

*Miss D.* Well, Sir, I'm all impatience for this explanation. So you've got rid of Miss Peggy.

*Diddler.* Yes, I have pacified her, and she's retired to the—drawing-room.—I was just coming to—you havn't got such a thing as a guinea about you, Madam, have you? A troublesome post-boy, that drove me this morning, is teasing me for

his money. You see I happen'd unfortunately to change my small—

*Miss D.* Oh!—these things will happen, Sir.—  
(*Gives a purse.*) There's my purse, Sir; take whatever you require.

*Diddler.* I'm robbing you, Ma'am.

*Miss D.* Not at all,—you know you'll soon return it.

*Diddler.* (*Aside.*) That's rather doubtful. (*To her,*) I'll be with you again, madam, in a moment.  
(*Going.*)

*Miss D.* What, Sir! So even your post-boys are to be attended to before me.

*Diddler.* Ma'am!

*Miss D.* But I see through your conduct, Sir. This is a mere expedient to avoid me again.—This is too much.

*Diddler.* (*Aside.*) What the devil shall I do now? Oh!—oh dear, oh Lord!

*Miss D.* What's the matter?

*Diddler.* Your cruelty has so agitated me,—I faint,—a little water—a little water will recover me;—(*falls into a chair,*) pray get me a little water!

*Miss D.* Bless me, he's going into hysterics! Here—help—John, Betty, a little water immediately.  
[*Exit.*]

(*Diddler runs off.*)

*Enter FAINWOU'D.*

No where to be found.—So Mr. Diddler is gone now. They've found me out by my letter, and avoid me on purpose. But I'll not stir out of the house till I see Mr. Plainway I'm determined; so I'll sit myself quietly down (*sits down in the chair DIDDLE has left*). I'll make the whole family treat me with a little more respect, I warrant.

*Enter Miss DURABLE hastily, with a glass of water, which she throws in his face. She screams; he rises in a fury.*

*Fain.* Damnation, Madam! what d'ye mean?

*Miss D.* Oh dear, Sir! I took you for another gentleman.

*Fain.* Nonsense, Madam! you couldn't mean to serve any gentleman in this way. Where is Mr. Plainway? I'll have satisfaction for this treatment.

*Enter PLAINWAY.*

*Plain.* Hey day! hey day; cousin; why who is this gentleman, and what is all this noise about?

*Miss D.* I'm sure, cousin, I don't know who the gentleman is.—All that I can explain is, that Mr. Fainwou'd was taken ill in that chair; that I went to get some water to recover him; and the moment after, when I came back, I found his place occupied by that gentleman.

*Fain.* Madam, this is no longer a time for bantering. You found Mr. Fainwou'd's place occupied by me, who am Mr. Fainwou'd—and you found him suffering no illness at all, though you wanted to give him one.

*Plain.* and *Miss D.* You Mr. Fainwou'd!

*Fain.* Yes, Sir; and you've found out by this time, I suppose, that I'm perfectly acquainted with all your kind intentions towards me—that I know of your new son-in-law, Sir Robert Rental—that I am informed I am to make merriment for you—and that, if I am refractory, your nephew, Mr. Diddler, is to pull my nose.

*Plain.* Sir Robert Rental, and my nephew Mr. Diddler! Why, Laury, this is some madman broke loose. My dear Sir, I haven't a nephew in the world, and never heard of such people as Sir Robert Rental, or Mr. Diddler in the whole course of my life.

*Fain.* This is amazing!

*Plain.* It is, upon my soul! You say your name is Fainwou'd.

*Fain.* Certainly.

*Plain.* Then nothing but the appearance of the other Mr. Fainwou'd can solve the riddle.

*Fain.*



*Fain.* The other Mr. Fainwou'd!

*Plain.* Yes, Sir; there is another gentleman so calling himself now in this house; and he was bearer of a letter of introduction from—

*Fain.* My letter of introduction.—The rascal picked my pocket of it in this very house this morning.—I see through it all! I dare say your house is robb'd by this time.

*Plain.* A villain! Why where is he, cousin? Here, John—where are all the servants? (*Rings a bell.*)

*Enter Servant.*

*Plain.* Where is Mr. Fainwou'd?

*Servant.* What the other, Sir?

*Plain.* The other, Sir? Then you knew this gentleman's name was Fainwou'd. And you never told me he was here this morning.

*Servant.* Yes, Sir, I did; I sent you to him.

*Plain.* You sent me to the other fellow.

*Servant.* No, Sir, I did not let in the other.

*Plain.* I suppose he got in at the window then.—But where is he now?

*Servant.* I'm sure I don't know, Sir.—But I thought *that* gentleman was gone.

*Fain.* Why did you think so, Sir?

*Servant.* Because, Sir, the chaise is gone that you came in.

*Plain.* What!

*Fain.* Gone!

*Servant.* Yes, Sir.

*Plain.* Why then the rascal's run off in it—and Peg—where is she? Where is my daughter?

*Miss D.* Gone with him, cousin.—It flashes upon me now.

*Plain.* Oh, I'm a miserable man! Let horses be saddled quick.—You and I must ride after them immediately, Mr. Fainwou'd. [*Exit Serv.*

*Servant.* Here they are, Sir.

*Enter*

*Enter* DIDDLEL, PEGGY, and SAM. DIDDLEL  
dancing and singing.

*Plain.* Sing away, my brave fellow, I'll soon change your note.

*Didaler.* Thank'ye, Sir, but it is changed already. Sam, pay that young man three and fourpence, (*pointing to Fainwou'd,*) and give him credit for a breakfast on my account.—Ah! my dear old innocence, (*to Miss Dur.*) there's your purse again: When I'm at leisure you shall have your explanation.

*Miss Dur.*—Oh! false Adonis!

*Plain.* And' now, Sir, what have you to answer to—?

*Diddler.* I plead guilty to it all. I've been a sad rogue: but as a proof I've some conscience left, here's your daughter, just as I found her.—Don't give her to me unless you like.

*Plain.* Give her to you! and pray, Sir, what claim have you to her?

*Diddler.* “Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.” My resolution to lead a new life, with the trifling collateral recommendation of ten thousand pounds in my pocket—

*Plain.* Ten thousand pounds in *your* pocket!

*Diddler.* In brief, Sir, you shall hear my case. Idle habits, empty pockets, and the wrath of an offended uncle, made me the shabby dog you see before you.—But my angry uncle has on his death-bed relented. This fine fat-headed fellow arrested our flight through the town, to put into my hand this letter from his executor, announcing the handsome bequest I have just mentioned, and inclosing me a hundred-pound note as earnest of his sincerity.

*Sam.* Yes, I'm witness to the truth of all that, and—

*Diddler (stopping his mouth).* That's enough, Sam—the less we say, the better.—I shall be steady  
now,

now, Plainway, I shall indeed! I've felt too much my past degradation, not to make the best use of my present good fortune.

*Plain.* Um—I imagine you are the Mr. Mortimer she sometimes sighs about.

*Diddler.* The same, Sir. At Bath, under that name, and under somewhat better appearances, I had the honour to captivate her.—Hadn't I Peggy?

*Peggy.* And isn't that your name, then?

*Diddler.* No, my dear, my legitimate appellation is Mr. Diddler.

*Peggy.* What! and am I to have a lover of the name of Diddler?

*Sam.* I'm sure Mrs. Diddler's a very pretty name.

*Diddler.* Don't be rude, Sam.

*Plain.* Well, Sir, your promises are fair, there's no denying; but whether it would be fair to attend to them, depends entirely upon that gentleman (to Fainwou'd).

*Fain.* As to me, Mr. Plainway, if your daughter has taken a fancy for another, I can't help it. Only let her refuse me respectfully, and I'm satisfied.

*Diddler.* You're a very sensible fellow, and we have all a very high respect for you.

*Fain.* I'm satisfied.

*Diddler.* But I shall not be satisfied without the hope that all such poor and idle rogues as I have been, may learn, by my disgraceful example

Howe'er to vice or indolence inclin'd,  
By honest industry to RAISE THE WIND.

THE END.

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